WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

A LIMIT TO USEFULNESS.

"'What can a helpless female do?'
Rock the cradle, and bake and brew,
Or, if no cradle your fate afford,
Rock your brother's wife's for your board;
Or live in one room with an invalid cousin,
Or sew shop shirts for a dollar a dozen,
Or please some man by looking sweet,
Or please him by giving him things to eat,
Or please him by asking much advice,
And thinking whatever he does is nice,
Visit the poor [under supervision];
Doctor the sick who can't pay a physician;
Save men's time by doing their praying.
And other odd jobs there's no present pay in.
But if you presume to usurp employments,
Reserved by them for their special enjoyments,
Or if you succeed when they knew you wouldn't,
Or earn money fast when they said you couldn't,
Or learn to do things they'd proved were above you,
You'll hurt their feelings, and then they won't love you."

—*Journal of Woman's Work.*

RIGHTS AND NO RIGHTS.

The Difference Between Woman's Rights With and Without the Ballot.

Mrs. Sumner's Saturday baking was finished. The house was in "apple-pie order" for Sunday, and Mrs. Sumner herself was seated in her cosy little parlor, mending-basket at hand, to fulfill that last great duty of woman—stocking-darning. Miss Strong, the little school teacher, who had a room up-stairs, had dropped in, also stocking in hand, for a friendly chat, when a ring at the door announced the coming of Mrs. White, Mrs. North and Mrs. James.

"We met on the doorstep," explained Mrs. White. "I am out this afternoon collecting for the Ladies' Auxiliary Society of Missions. I am fortunate in meeting four members of our church at once. I hope you will all give me something."

"I don't know," said Mrs. James. "I must ask Mr. James about it."

"Mr. James should have heard the lecture last night," said Mrs. North. "Perhaps he would realize that his wife had a right to give away fifty cents, if she chose, without consulting him, had he been present."

One of the most noted of our women lecturers had spoken the night before upon the rights and wrongs of women, and the four ladies had listened to the lecture.

"It would have made no difference," said Mrs. James, wearily. "I have argued and begged and pleaded with him, but it is all to no purpose. 'Don't I give you every thing you need?' he will ask. 'Women don't need money. It is always give.' He never seems to think that I have earned any thing. I have borne and reared five children, have always done the family sewing, and although we usually have a girl in the kitchen, I have repeatedly done the housework for months together. If I had been paid, at very moderate rates, for the labor I have performed in my family, I should have had far more money than my clothing and all other expenses of my living have amounted to. And yet, when I ask for money, my husband always enquires what I did with the last money he gave me."

Mrs. James paused, out of breath.

"I am glad I am not married," said Miss Strong. "At all events my money is my own, and I can do as I please with it. But this miserable injustice that is shown to us women comes home to me in another way. I am obliged to earn my own living, and I have fitted myself, at great expense for teaching. It is my business, my life work. If I do say it, I excel in it. Yet I am paid only about two-thirds as much as a man is paid for doing the same work, simply because I am a woman. I once followed, in a school, a man teacher who even misspelled his pupils' names upon the register, he was so ignorant. Yet he was paid forty dollars per month, while I only had twenty-five. He was a man with a vote, you see, and I was only a woman."

"But you don't mean that you would really like to vote?" said Mrs. White.

"Yes, I do; just that," returned Miss Strong. "And I was so glad to hear, and to have others hear, that lecture last night. I am sure good seed was sown, and some of our people were set to thinking."

"Well, I must say it seemed very dreadful and unwomanly to me for a lady to get up and talk in that way before all those people, though I grant she was very sweet-mannered, and did not look at all like one of those strong-minded women, and they do say she is a very devoted wife and mother. But, somehow, I don't like it. Anyway, I shan't bother myself about it. I have all the rights I want."

"Fortunate woman!" said Mrs. James. "What makes you go about collecting for missions?"

"Why, what a question, Mrs. James!" exclaimed Mrs. White. "How could I, a Christian woman, be content to sit down and enjoy all my religious privileges, and never try to help those who are in heathen darkness?"

"That's just it," returned Mrs. James. "You are a Christian. Your soul is safe. You have a church, and a good minister, and all the privileges you want. Why do you bother yourself about the heathen?"

"Mrs. James!" ejaculated Mrs. White, deeply shocked.

"Well, it's no worse than to say that because you have all the rights you want, you won't bother yourself about the women who haven't any rights. The principle is the same. Because you have a comfortable home and a kind husband and plenty of money, and all that, you are willing that nobody knows how many thousand women in New York City shall work for thirty cents a day, and no end of your sisters be driven every year to lead lives of shame because they can not earn enough to keep soul and body together otherwise?"

"I never thought of it in that light," faltered Mrs. White.

"The question comes home to me in another way," said Mrs. North. "Here I am, deprived of my husband, with scanty means, and a son and daughter to bring up and educate. My little property is taxed to the utmost. I must pay my taxes, but I have no voice in the disposition of the money. My son is growing up. Saloons tempt him on every side, but I can not vote to have them closed; and I can not help to enact laws for the protection of my family."

"It is cruel, cruel," said Mrs. Sumner, "but my case is hardest of all. You all know that I can not live with my husband because of his intemperate habits. His own family support him now, and think themselves very liberal because they leave me in undisturbed possession of the money—what little is left of it after Mr. Sumner's wastefulness—which was bequeathed me by my father. But my terror and fear is that my children will be taken from me. As long as they are little no one will grudge me the privilege of supporting them. But as soon as Willy is old enough to work, he will be required to earn money for his father. I wish him to be educated, and if they will only leave me alone, I can manage it. But there is a struggle coming, and the law will all be on their side, for a mother has no legal right to her children."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not married," said little Miss Strong again.

"We need the ballot in a hundred ways," said Mrs. North. "Just look at poor Mrs. Scott. Such a dainty, refined little woman, driven crazy by her husband's abuse. The other day a jury of men were called to sit upon her case and decide if she was insane. There was not one kind, pure-minded man on that jury. It made my heart ache to think of that sweet little lady subjected to the scrutiny of such men as Cohen and Schwarts, the saloon-keepers; O'Brien, who runs that vile restaurant; Keefe; the jail-keeper; Kaufman, the clothing-dealer; and all the rest. Why couldn't a jury of women have been called?"

"It's all wrong," said Mrs. James, hopelessly, "and I am discouraged hoping for any thing better."

"It seems to me you have all wandered from the point, from my point, at least," said Mrs. White. "Am I to have no subscriptions to my mission work?"

"Oh, put me down for the same I gave last year," said Mrs. North.

"And me," "And me," added Miss Strong and Mrs. Sumner.

But the other lady only shook her head and said, "I will ask Mr. James."

—*Julia A. Sabine, in Woman's Journal.*

Things in the Way.

Politicians realize that women need the ballot to protect them industrially and legally, but they do not intend that we shall have it because they fear two things:

1. They are afraid of the new element in politics. They know where to find the men—largely in the liquor saloons. They know how to control the present class of voters. They would not know how to reach the women. There might, and probably would, be a political revolution if women voted.

2. They are afraid of the gifted women who might seek office. There are candidates enough now for every desirable position—for the senatorial, gubernatorial and congressional seats—without having women also as contestants for these honors. Therefore, no matter how much any prominent politician may publicly favor woman suffrage, there is a strong probability that he would rather see it defeated than carried.—*Lillie Devereux Blake, in Woman's Column.*

SUFFRAGE SLIPS.

WHO has heard of a woman cashier or clerk or private secretary embezzling her pockets full and skipping to Canada? It is about time that the superior honesty of woman in business should be recognized and rewarded.

A WRITER for the *Record* has suggested that the best way to take the post-office department out of politics would be to put the post-offices as far as possible in the control of capable and careful women. The idea has unusual merit in it.—*Philadelphia Record.*

EVERY woman, whether married or single, should own her house, and should, if possible, have some independent means of support, that she may not be a slave or servant, either in body, mind or substance. A really grand race of men never came of enslaved mothers.—*Queen Bee.*

ONE great danger to our institutions comes from the indifference of good men to their political privileges. This will always be the case until women are enfranchised. It is impossible to keep the mass of good men interested in any thing from which good women are excluded.—*Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace.*

THERE is an obvious injustice when the State exacts from a female property owner her full share of the taxes, and yet refuses her the right to the ballot because she is a woman. It would be more consistent if the State said that, being a woman, she should be exempt from taxes, and therefore from the franchise. But this is not the position. The female owner or occupant of property must pay her full share of the taxes, and yet be deprived of the representation which all property is supposed to have.—*Rev. Wm. Burgess, in Listowell (Ont.) Banner.*

HISTORIC GARDEN SASS.

Old-Time Notions About Peas, Beans, Onions and Asparagus.

The word pea comes from the Greek city, Pisa, in Elis, where they were grown in large quantities. The mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright was a dish of peas. They were called lentils then, and it is said that in Middlesex and Oxfordshire, England, the common people still call them "tills," dropping the "len." In the reign of Mary they were called "peason," and in the reign of Charles I. "pease."

The uses of beans were anciently rather more sacred than culinary. Among the Egyptians it was held to be some sort of a crime to look at them, and Pythagoras forbade them to be eaten. In Athens a judicial as well as a sacred character is attached to them, and they were used in gathering the votes of the people in electing magistrates and in drawing lots. In England they were unknown until 1509.

Asparagus, brought to England in Elizabeth's reign, was cultivated so assiduously by the Romans that Pliny says in his time three heads weighed one pound. It was cooked by rapid boiling, and Augustus in requiring haste on any business is reported as saying: "Let that be done quicker than you would boil asparagus."

Judea was famous not only for its "gardens of cucumbers," but for the great size of its radishes. The Talmud speaks of a fox hollowing out a radish of Judea for its lair, but this is rather more than a skeptical age is willing to accept. The Greeks offered radishes of gold, beets of silver and turnips of lead to Apollo at Delphos. They usually boiled their radishes, and the French peasants at the present day roast them under ashes.

Radishes suggest lettuce, which has an equal antiquity. The Hebrews ate it with their paschal lamb, and it was a favorite vegetable with the Greeks and Romans. Aristoxenus, the philosopher and gastronomist, watered his lettuces with the rarest wine. Cabbage used to be endowed with marvelous medicinal and nutritive virtues. Cato considered the red kind to be a cure for drunkenness, and said that "By the use of cabbage alone Rome had done without physicians for six hundred years." Cauliflower was also abundantly cultivated. Both it and cabbage were plentiful in England in Mary's reign.

The onion was once the deity by whom the Egyptians swore. The mother of Apollo was particularly fond of this esculent, and preferred it raw. Leeks are probably indigenous to England. Garlic is dear to the Spanish heart. Parsley, a few leaves of which eaten raw will effectually neutralize the odor of the onion, is well known in history. By Anacreon it was made the emblem of joy and festivity. Hercules was crowned with it in preference to laurels, and a wreath of parsley was one of the prizes at the Nemæan and Isthmian games.

While the ancients were so well supplied with vegetables it seems a great pity that they did not know how to cook them. Fancy seasoning a boiled turnip with honey, vinegar, gravy, boiled grapes and a little oil! This was the custom among the Romans. Carrots they ate raw with salt and vinegar. A recipe for cooking onions left by Apicius reads as follows: "Cover the onions with young cabbage leaves, cook under hot embers and season with gravy, oil and wine." And here are the same writer's directions among others for preparing lettuce: "Boil the young leaves with onions in water wherein a little nitre has been scattered, drain dry and cut them small, mixing with them pepper, parsley seed, dried mint and onions, adding gravy, oil and wine." Such a conglomeration as this could leave nothing further to be desired.—*Toronto Globe.*

A FREAK OF NATURE.

How the Branch of a Willow Tree Closed Up a Drain Pipe.

A curious freak in nature has exhibited itself in the Zoological Garden. For some time the water in the pretty little lake, where the swans and the pelicans live, began to overflow and get stagnant. It became evident that there was an obstruction in the waste-pipe. Every effort to find what the obstruction was failed, and, at last, the ground was dug up and the terra cotta pipe which carried off the waste water broken open at various points. It was found to be clogged up with a net-work of some kind, the nature of which was a mystery. The obstructing substance extended quite a distance, and the fact slowly dawned upon their keepers and others occupied with the investigation, that one of the anacondas or pythons in the snake-house had escaped and become imprisoned in the drain-pipe. The men were almost afraid to take hold of it at first, much less to pull it out.

But after the drain pipe was broken in several places energetic efforts were made to pull what was supposed to be a dead boa constrictor out of the pipe. Yards of curious network were drawn out and laid on the grass until the pipe was relieved of its choked up burden and was able to breathe again. A careful examination showed that the long and tough network that resembled the slimy coat of a gigantic eel, was the branching roots of a willow tree thirty feet distant. The roots of the tree had spread out, and a slender branch, scarcely thicker than a piece of twine, had worked its way through the joint of the drain pipe.

From this shoot the snake-like construction grew to several yards in length, until it closed up the pipe as tight as a cork. When the pipe was first laid, water was thrown in around it in order to pack the earth, and then let it settle by the water gradually draining off. The moist ground attracted the roots of the willows on the banks of the lake, and as these roots invariably follow water courses, a shooting branch grew, as it seemed by mere chance, into an opening at the joint. How long the obstruction had been in process of forming can only be guessed at, but it was doubtless many months. It is regarded at the Zoo as a very curious freak of nature, almost as interesting as the other curiosities from the realm of animal life.—*Philadelphia Telegram.*

FROGS FOR MARKET.

An Authority on the Subject Declares Frog Culture to Be Unprofitable.

Ever since American epicures developed a taste for the legs of frogs, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, the possibility of raising frogs in private ponds as trout are raised has received a deal of attention. Among those who have tried it is Mr. Fred Mather, the fish culturist of Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. The late Seth Green also experimented with frog spawn for two years. Mr. Mather says that it is no trouble at all to gather frog spawn and hatch millions of polliwogs, and the polliwogs may be easily fed on both meat and vegetables, for they eat both. So far, raising frogs is easy. But when it comes to caring for the frog after he has left the tadpole state the enterprise fails. Mr. Mather says he finds, as Seth Green did, that all that was necessary was to procure insects in sufficient quantities to feed the frogs, but no one can procure the insects. Meat and vegetables, such as table refuse, won't do—even good meat alone is not frog food, and Mr. Mather says that if it were it would cost too much. To make frog culture a success the culturist must, at the same time, become a breeder of beetles, flies, mosquitoes and other insects and snails.

Mr. Mather says that even if the insects could be raised for food the possibility of making a frog pond pay would not be great. Big frogs eat up the little ones, for one thing, and, besides that, it takes several—perhaps ten years for a frog to reach a marketable size. The actual time required for growth is not known, but Mr. Mather says that many of the polliwogs do not get their legs until the next season after they are hatched, which shows they are of very slow growth.

Occasionally a story describing a frog farm has been printed in some of the papers. Mr. Mather says he has investigated every story that seemed to be true and found them all apocryphal. He concludes that frog culture is a delusion, and that a paying frog farm can not now, and probably never will, be established.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HABITS OF FLIES.

Interesting Facts About Two Loathsome Members of the Family.

The horse-fly is the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. When not in use they are nicely folded away in a sucker. He makes his appearance in June, and may often be seen in the vicinity of small streams of water. He is said to subsist in part upon an airy diet, and to pass his life harmlessly. Not so the female, for she is armed with six lancets, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings. She lays her eggs in moist places, and after they are hatched into footless maggots, they make all necessary journeys by stretching and closing the segments of their bodies, their heads being supplied by two hooks by which they get their food. In process of time this maggot goes down into moist earth, where it reposes for some weeks, after which it bursts the pupa case, and comes forth a large black fly, armed and equipped like its predecessors.

The sewer and cesspool fly resemble each other in their habits, with a single exception — the former lives in cleaner water and has a less complicated apparatus. The female lays her eggs where they may be reached by the filthy fluid. The young are soon hatched, and may be seen floating on the water and taking in all its bad qualities; they die if placed in clean water. They dart swiftly about and go down for the space of a minute, but are obliged to rise to breathe. In the course of time they seek a dry place, and after their wings have grown, emerge regular flies like their parents, ready to repeat their filthy but useful work. We can form only a vague idea how greatly we are indebted to these loathsome insects as scavengers.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Possible and Plausible.

Miss Simperton (on the piazza of the Twodip House, Newport)—I have noticed with surprise, Mr. Ponsonby, that there are very few French and Italian noblemen at the resorts this season. It is very strange.

Ponsonby (who has had his nose put out of joint)—Not at all strange; all owing to the state of trade.

Miss Simperton (stiffly)—Trade, sir!

Ponsonby—Yes. There is an unusual demand for barbers in New York this season.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—He (who has just left the piano)—"How do you like my voice, Miss Race?" Miss Race (Cincinnati)—"Your voice? O! it's certainly a howling success, Mr. Keys."—*Texas Siftings.*

CHANGE OF FOOD.

It Is Required by Tame Animals As Much as by Human Beings.

Human beings soon tire of one kind of food, even if it is the best suited to sustain life and to build up every portion of the system. Wheat is such a food, but no one would like to live on it exclusively for any great length of time. He would desire to have it cooked in a variety of ways if he were obliged to subsist on it, and to have butter, cheese or some sweet substance to eat with it. The like is true in relation to eating rice, corn or any sort of grain. Their taste is insipid and causes us to desire some condiment, relish or appetizer to impart a pleasant flavor. Cooks have found out that there is economy in using spice, pepper and a great variety of sauces, some of which are quite expensive, as the use of them renders very cheap and common articles of food palatable. The French, who know how to make the most of cheap meat, fish and bread, use a large number of vegetable condiments. In their gardens they raise cress, radishes, peppers, celery, onions and savory herbs, which they serve up with ordinary dishes.

Stock-raisers seem to think that the animals they feed do not require appetizers as human beings do. Some appear to believe that they do not even need a change of food, and they do not profit by it. They advocate giving nothing to horses but oats and timothy hay. They would restrict the food of cows, sheep and hogs to the article that agricultural chemists have pronounced the best for making milk, flesh, fat and wool. If these animals could speak it is likely that they would inform the workers in laboratories that they had arrived at wrong conclusions. They would declare that the results of their experience do not coincide with the deductions of scientific investigators. Their actions, which "speak louder than words," show that they prefer a variety of food; that they have a liking for sweets, as children have, and that they have a fondness for the things we call relishes. A cow will go across a pasture, well supplied with sweet and tender grass, to get a bite of old hay or straw. A sheep will leave white clover to eat the leaves of a bush. Milch cows will chew bones and hogs will eat soft coal. A city horse can be tempted from a manger of oats by the cabbage-leaves and potato-peelings that are thrown into the alley back of the stable. A horse in the country will leave its accustomed feed for a piece of sugar or an apple. Hogs prefer garbage to corn if they have been obliged to eat it for a long time, and will root over ground to find worms, though their troughs be full of boiled potatoes.

The cravings of the appetite are sure indications that animals desire more kinds of food. If they are not supplied with this they may become uneasy and fall off in condition. The more food animals eat and digest the faster they will gain. Condiments impart an agreeable flavor to articles of food that are lacking in taste. In England it has been found that cattle will eat straw in preference to the best hay if a little molasses or sweetened water be sprinkled over it. Hogs fed on corn as a principal article of food will gain faster and have a better appetite if they are occasionally treated to blood or coarse meat. Milch cows can not be fed on onions or other vegetables having a strong taste, as they will impart a bad flavor to the milk they give. Steers and young cattle, however, will derive advantage from them. Cabbage and most kinds of roots possess a greater feeding value than an analysis of them shows. They increase the appetite and aid the process of digestion. Many have noticed that farm animals do better in a pasture that contains several kinds of grass than in one seeded to a single variety. When strips are sown to different grasses cattle and sheep will leave one, after feeding on it for some time, and go to another. This should suggest to farmers the propriety of having more kinds of grass and clover in their mowing fields. Animals have fewer changes of food in winter than during summer. An effort should be made to furnish a greater variety. Pumpkins, squashes, cabbage, carrots, beets and turnips are easily raised and relished by stock fed principally on hay and straw. It is likely that most farmers commit a mistake in feeding out straw and corn fodder continuously during the early part of the winter and keeping all the best hay till after the poorer food is disposed of. It may be a better plan to give one feed a day of each kind throughout the cold season. Poor appetite in farm animals should be treated the same as in human beings. New kinds of food should be substituted for those things that are lacking in flavor and difficult to masticate and digest. Raw food may be best for animals at most times, but a cooked ration may be occasionally highly beneficial.—*Chicago Times.*

—When the multiplication of bugs and the spread of diseases threatens to make potato growing unprofitable in a neighborhood, it may be advisable to leave the crop altogether out of the farm rotation for a few years, and to attempt to starve out the enemies by withholding food. If a whole neighborhood or settlement could be induced to unite in concerted action, and to allow no potatoes to be grown within their borders for a certain term, bugs and diseases would lose much of their terror, and larger yields be the happy after-result.

—Gladstone has written more letters than any man living.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Water is the only medium by which fertilizing matter can be carried from the soil to the plants.

—Potato Pie.—Cold mutton, the more the better, thin slices of raw potatoes enough to fill up the baking dish, onions, salt and pepper to taste; cover with pastry and bake.

—It is worth while to take pains to keep the right side of carpet-rags out when folding and winding them. It makes a vast difference in the appearance of the woven fabric.

—It often happens that autumn is the best time to apply manure to fruit trees. The soluble portions of the manure sink into the soil during the months before the commencement of growth in the spring.

—In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—*The Quiver.*

—Bread Fritters.—One cup of dried bread crumbs soaked in a cup of sweet milk, let it stand awhile, then add another cup of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mixed in a little more than one cup of flour and a little salt.

—All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

—The silly notion that it takes a bushel of corn to fatten each inch of a pig's tail, has no place in the mind of a breeder who considers "piggy's tail" his pulse. The tighter the curl, the better the health; when it begins to straighten, the pig begins to droop also. Don't cut off the pig's tail.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—As soon as all the crops are harvested in the gardens made a thorough cleaning up. Weeds, grass and the stalks and leaves of plants that are left should be gathered up and a thorough plowing be given. This gives a good opportunity for manuring and will put the soil in a better condition for work in the spring.—*Western Plowman.*

STORING CABBAGE.

How to Keep It Crisp and Fresh During the Winter Months.

If the heads are mature and solid, they should be buried roots up, but loose heads can be pitted roots down so as to grow and make solid heads by spring. To bury cabbages, select dry land with a slope to carry off the water, pull them on a dry day, and if there is any water in the heads invert them and let them drain. Open a trench eight inches deep and wide enough for about four rows of heads packed as closely as they can be. You will leave a part of the loose leaves to protect them, and no straw will be needed, but the earth may be shoveled directly on to them. Put on from ten to twelve inches of earth and shape it up so as to keep out the rain. After the ground freezes protect the pit with straw or corn fodder, so as to prevent freezing and thawing, as this is what spoils them. Enough for use up to Christmas may be stored in boxes in a cool cellar.

Loose heads may be stored roots down, and will grow and make solid heads by spring. Open a flat trench four or five feet wide and set a row across the upper end, setting them at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the heads packed as close as possible; then cover the roots with earth, tramp it down on them and place another row with the heads resting above the roots of the first row. When your pit is filled it will show a solid mass of heads. Now put up boards a foot wide or more around the edges and cover to this depth with light litter, using first corn fodder and then leaves, and put a roof over it; and although the heads may freeze a little, the roots will not, and the cabbage will mature and be crisp and fresh in spring. If you see signs of mice, put some pieces of apple with a little strychnine on them around the top of the pit.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Good Use for Sparrows.

Would it be impossible for someone in high position in society and friendly to the agricultural cause to induce some of the royal blood to try a dish of sparrows? They are uncommonly nice and nearly always wonderfully plump, as well they may be considering that they have such a liking for the best of corn. If they became a popular dish like some of the other smaller birds, which are not half so nice, then there is no doubt they would soon become small by degrees and beautifully less. The bird is, however, too common to be so well appreciated as it might be, considering how meaty and rich of flavor he is. Sparrow pudding is a dish which has probably never yet been placed before crowned heads. In humbler dwellings, however, sparrow pudding used to be a more frequent article of diet than it is in the present day. Work people are too well off to trouble much about sparrows. One chief objection is doubtless the trouble which exists in getting them ready for the table. But the process is simple and easy enough. The skinning system is the easiest. Let some who are strangers to the flavor of the birds try a dish, and I feel confident that the verdict will be that they are richer in flavor than the lark, the ox-bird, or even the snipe.—*Ipswich (Eng.) Journal.*